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welcome. J. M. FRITZER, N. G.  
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TO HIGHEST BIDDER.  
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Main Street, Silver City, New Mexico.

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12 FINE ROSE PLANTS. Your selection from 100  
Standard Varieties, post-paid.  
Our Catalogue of Plants and Floral Novelties for '93 is now ready, also  
Booklet telling how to be successful with Garden and House Plants.  
THIS BOOKLET TELLS HOW TO RAISE BIG CRYSTANTHEMUMS.  
SEND FOR YOURS FREE IF YOU WILL SEND US YOUR ADDRESS.  
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40,000 Sq. Ft. Glass  
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HARRISON H. QUINN, Manager.  
P. O. BOX 291, SOUTH DENVER, COLO.

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**FRESH AND SALT MEATS**  
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DENTIST  
See administered for the painless extraction  
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Refurnished and renovated  
throughout. Neat and comfort-  
able rooms by the day, week or  
month. Terms very reasonable.  
Patronage solicited.  
MRS. D. B. DARLING, Proprietress.

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Corner Broadway and Main  
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**WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.**  
JOHN CARSON Proprietor.

**Wm. Farnsworth.**

**MAKING LACE PAPER.**  
MINNEAPOLIS HAS THE ONLY FAC-  
TORY OF THE KIND HERE.

How a new industry in which Germany  
keeps close to the established in this  
country—As Yet It is in its infancy.  
Rice Work For Women.

Minnesota can claim a monopoly in  
at least one industry. There is one like  
it in the country. Germany's most  
competitor. The lace paper factory  
here is the only one in the country. How  
the industry came to be established  
here and the development of certain  
possibilities in regard to it make quite  
an original story.

A certain business man tolerably well  
known in Minneapolis once upon a time  
loaned some money and material to a  
Russian immigrant who was trying to  
start a greenhouse in St. Paul. The Rus-  
sian was very grateful for the help, but at  
the end of six months had not repaid any  
of the loan. The business man hunted  
him up and inquired wherefore this negli-  
gence. The Russian explained his diffi-  
culty at some length, and sorrowfully  
avowed that in addition to other bur-  
dens he had to support his brother.

"Why doesn't your brother go to  
work?"  
"Parlor, sir. He is honest and indus-  
trious, but can find no work at his trade."  
"What trade can that be?"  
"He is a lace paper maker and there  
are no factories of that sort here, and  
he has not much chance at other trades  
where he has no skill."

An interview with the paper maker re-  
vealed some interesting facts, and after  
some investigation several Minneapolis  
capitalists concluded to start a factory  
to evolve the dainty confections that  
modern ingenuity says may be made  
from paper. The industry is still so new  
that its present condition may be re-  
garded as only an earnest of the future.

The fact for fancy lamp shades makes  
a special department which was not at  
first contemplated. Crude paper devel-  
ops in all the soft, dainty shades of silk.  
Women are especially good at this branch  
of the industry, as it requires patience  
and that peculiar "knack" which no man  
ever had, and the woman who possesses  
it is luckier than if she had beauty,  
though she never thinks so herself.

Now, this business of making lamp  
shades and flower pots and paper flowers  
and dolls is light, clean work and pays  
well if a woman has the bent for that  
kind of work.

The prettiest lamp shades I ever saw  
were being made at the factory. The  
tobacco leaf forms the latest model.  
Two contrasting shades of crane paper  
form the leaf. It is cut in the proper  
shape, and a wire forms the ribs. The  
rib of the leaf and makes the shade sub-  
stantial enough to stand wear. Four  
long leaves and four shorter ones drop  
from a common center and make the  
daintiest shade imaginable. I saw a tiny  
one of this same pattern for an incan-  
descent light. The red leaves were lined  
with pale yellow, and now the electric  
light did glow through the blended col-  
ors. A skillful workwoman can only  
construct four or five of these shades a  
day. Their price consequently doesn't  
exactly bring them within the reach of  
all, but they promise to largely take  
the place of silk shades. The operative  
earns from \$5 to \$10 a week in the shade  
department.

Lace paper for lining the edges of  
boxes really forms the important part  
of this industry. Look at a bit of this  
dainty paper and see how faithfully it  
reproduces every line and curve of the  
which it is copied. When people are  
told that these delicate patterns are  
stamped from engraved metal plates,  
they are apt to look incredulous. Still  
that is the process.

For many years Germany has con-  
trolled this industry. The country  
Berlin in its last annual report states  
that 7,000,000 pounds of lace paper are  
exported annually to the United States.  
One fine day good fortune befell the  
industry. A man came in and asked for  
employment. He was a designer and  
engraver of plates from Germany. He  
was ready to give any information as to  
how he knew the factory was in Minne-  
apolis or why he came. He simply said  
they could try his work, and if they were  
satisfied he would stay. He has re-  
mained ever since. I saw him several  
times and didn't wonder that there was  
such a ready-made supply of the lace  
weights about \$25 pounds. The face is  
intelligent and refined, but the bushy  
beard and long hair, combined with the  
manner of dress, give the man the ap-  
pearance of one used to rigorous manual  
labor. Appearances are deceptive in this  
case, for he is an artist as well as an en-  
graver, and knows every detail of the  
business.

He first sketches the design on paper,  
then takes a block of lead composition,  
similar to that used for newspaper cuts,  
and draws the exact pattern with a sharp  
steel point. Then, with finely graded  
chisels, he hammers out every little de-  
tail so exact that the tiniest thread of  
the finest lace pattern is visible.

To see the workman hammering out  
an intricate pattern one would think it  
an endless task. It is not, however,  
nearly so tedious as it looks. This en-  
graver will engrave a plate 30 inches long  
by 3 inches wide in four days. All the  
edges of the pattern have to be made in  
sharp relief instead of being cut into the  
plate, as in ordinary engraving. This  
has to be done so that the sharp edges  
will perforate the paper when the cylin-  
ders pass over the plate.

Lace paper has its styles just the same  
as the real article. The young lady who  
gets her daily box of bonbons from the  
confectioner wants the lace edged holder  
to be in the latest mode. She can also  
select tulle, valenciennes, gauze, and  
guipure, to name a few of the styles in  
the paper just as she can in the thread.

Among the pretty imported notions is  
that of a cornucopia with a deep lace  
edge and closed with dainty bows of  
satin ribbons. This is to hold marmalade  
or whatever variety of candy and will  
probably be very popular. —Eva Mc-  
Donald-Valeh in Minneapolis Tribune.

**A WINTER NIGHT.**  
This winter night against the pane  
I hear the beating of the rain;  
The mad wind whistles a harsh refrain  
This winter night.

Within my room is warmth and light  
The friendly fire blazes bright,  
And—God out in the bitter cold,  
How many mortals struggle on.  
With love and hope and gladness glow-  
ing, how many sleep outside the fold—  
This winter night.

—Robert Loveman in Youth's Companion.

**Waiting For the Minister.**  
A good story is told of Mr. Labou-  
chere during his career in the diplomatic  
service and while he was an attaché at  
Washington. As "aggressively" in-  
vited visitor called at the legation and de-  
manded to see the British minister. Mr.  
Labouchere informed him that he could  
not, because "his excellency was not in."  
"Well," said the visitor, evidently sus-  
pecting subterfuge, "I must see him, and  
will wait till he comes." "Very good,"  
said Mr. Labouchere. "Pray take a  
chair," and he resumed his writing. At  
the end of an hour the visitor, "still frut-  
tering and fuming," asked when the min-  
ister would be back. "I really cannot  
say exactly," the attaché answered. "But  
you expect him back?" the visitor insist-  
ed. "Oh, certainly," said Mr. Labou-  
chere and went on writing.

At the end of another hour the irate  
visitor, bouncing up, insisted on know-  
ing what were the habits of the minister  
at that period of the day. "Was he likely  
to be in another hour?" "I think not,"  
said Mr. Labouchere, with increased  
blandness, "the fact is he sailed for En-  
gland on Wednesday and can hardly yet  
have reached Queenstown. But, you  
know, you said you would wait till he  
came in, so I offered you a chair."—"Di-  
rect of the Salisbury Parliament."

**Mr. Theodore Roosevelt Tells a Story or Two.**  
Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is a practical  
politician and has some good stories to  
tell of his experiences while in the legat-  
ion. In his address before the Liberal  
club on Thursday evening he told some  
of them.

One was of a legislator who used to  
ask him to support unconditional bills.  
"But, my dear friend," Mr. Roosevelt  
would say, "it's unconstitutional." "I  
never allow the constitution to come be-  
tween friends," was the reply, and then  
becoming very indignant the man would  
say, "Mr. Roosevelt, the constitution  
doesn't treat little things like that."

Another man objected to his quoting  
Latin on the floor of the house.  
"What do you mean by quoting  
Latin on the floor of the house?" then  
the alpha or omega of the language?  
Buffalo Express.

**Nature and Deformity.**  
Nature is very particular to conceal her  
deformities, and all that is worthless or  
ungraceful generally drops off from a  
tree unless it be an injury to the trunk.  
From such efforts the tree never recov-  
ers. Go into the forests and how often  
we see deformed trees, some bent and  
twisted, some parted till the original  
trunk becomes like two—each crossing  
and recrossing the other. This was done  
by depression or injury to the tree in its  
young and tender years. Nature has no  
power to right a broken law—whether in  
the animal nor the vegetable organism.  
Furnish follows, and deformity re-  
sults.—Boston Transcript.

**What She Should Do.**  
Bertie had been for some time under  
severe penalties to play in the rain barrel  
but the other day, and to relate, his main-  
ma and grandmother found him splash-  
ing in it to high glee.

His mamma's face hardened, but the  
grandmother's kind heart led her to make  
a plea for the offender.

Bertie heard the plea, and when his  
mamma asked him sternly what he  
should do to a little boy who did not  
mind what was told him, he answered  
promptly:

"I think you had better mind your  
nanny."—Youth's Companion.

**A Man's Nerves.**  
Mrs. Binks—Oo! Doesn't it make  
you nervous to have the wind blow as  
this time of night?  
Mr. Binks—Why?  
"Just hear the windows! They rattle  
like everything."  
"Oo, it would make me nervous to  
hear the windows rattle if the wind  
wasn't blowing."—New York Weekly

**American and Coders.**  
For some unknown reason the cod-  
fish of Labrador has never been a favorite  
with American planters, although it is  
hardy in the latitude of New York, and  
the few specimens here which have ap-  
peared are of the age of 50 years and upward  
are noble trees.—Garden and Forest.

**Sunday Services by Wire.**  
For many years past, it is said, a Sunday  
school has been held every Sunday on a  
certain railroad. The superintendent  
propounds questions to the class over the  
wire at different places, prayers are said  
and a chapter in the Bible read—all by  
wire.—New York Tribune.

There are many small villages in the  
alkali districts near the Asiatic frontier  
where the blind predominate. In this  
region the alkali dust constantly fills the  
air, and those not actually blind have  
their eyes sore or less diseased.

Australia is a great tea drinking coun-  
try, and most of the medium sorts of  
black find a ready sale in the southern  
land. Very little green tea, and that  
usually for mixing, is imported there.

In a single season it is said that 5,000-  
000 dead birds were used by the milliners  
of our seaboard cities. Over 42,000 of  
these came from Cape Cod alone.

When the refrigerator is placed near  
the cook stove in the kitchen, the cold  
complaints that the ice melts so rapidly  
that her milk sours every day.

Octavius Augustus had a mortal dread  
of thunder, and whenever a storm came  
on he retired to an underground vault  
built for protection.

**Thought Transference.**  
My father, Mr. A. C. King of Le Roy,  
Ill., was very sick with a grippe in Jan-  
uary, 1892. On the 20th I was sent for  
and staid with him several days until he  
was somewhat improved. I then re-  
turned to my home, Decatur, Ill., some  
60 miles distant, telling my brother Ed-  
ward to write me every day and if  
necessary to telegraph or telephone to me.  
For quite awhile the letters came regu-  
larly reporting everything favorable.  
Then they ceased. There had not been  
any letters for about a week, when, on  
the evening of the 15th of February I  
concluded that I would try the experi-  
ment of making Brother Edward write  
me by writing to him and then tearing  
up the letter, as suggested by Mark  
Twain in Harper's. I wrote the letter,  
commencing it, "Dear Brother Edward—  
I suppose that you are in good now,  
as if all were not well you would write."  
After I had written the letter I con-  
cluded that I would send it, as if the  
mind influence had acted upon Edward  
by my writing the letter, the sending  
thereof would not interfere with it. I  
would receive it the next day. At 7  
o'clock on the morning of Feb. 16, I re-  
ceived a letter from Edward, dated the  
15th, saying: "Dear Brother James—I  
have not written you for several days,  
because I have had no bad news to re-  
port. Recollect, no news will be good  
news." As near as we can learn, he  
wrote this letter at the same time that I  
was writing to him. Is the fact that his  
thoughts and even his words were the  
same as mine a mere coincidence, or  
something more?—Arena.

**The Fault of the Moon.**  
In a small Vermont town the street  
lamps, which are few and far between,  
are under the charge of one of the oldest  
residents of the place. "Why is it that  
the world weren't the lamps lighted tonight,  
Mr. Jacobs?" inquired a summer resi-  
dent, who had stumbled down to the  
postoffice one July evening in the pitchy  
darkness of a heavy rainstorm.

"They ain't ever lighted on moonlight  
nights," responded the old lamplighter.  
"That's the rule, an the moon full last  
night, in this is one of best nights in the  
hull month."

"Best nights," echoed the other in  
considerable irritation. "What good  
does the moon do in a pouring rain like  
this?"

"I can't help that," said Mr. Jacobs.  
"According to the almanac, it's a  
moonshine night, an the lamps have no  
oil to be lit. I rec'd an almanac a  
good thing to go by."

"Why," continued the old lamplighter,  
surveying his critic with suddenly awak-  
ened surprise and disgust, "where dyon  
'spos I'd fetch up of I was 't' go by  
the weather and o' the almanac? I per-  
sue me 't' say likely I might hev 't' go my  
round ev'ry night for a month in dog  
days. I don't callate to hev no such  
works as that! Ef the moon don't do  
her duty, it's no fault of mine, but it ain't  
no 't' my fault."

The bystanders murmured assent, and  
the summer resident was silenced.—  
Youth's Companion.

**Lewis's Wonderful Ice Cave.**  
One of the greatest curiosities in the  
Mississippi valley is a natural ice cave  
which is located in the bluffs of the  
Iowa river within less than a mile of De-  
corah, the county seat of Winneshiek  
county. This unique curiosity is indeed  
a natural icehouse—a cavern in which  
great blocks of ice may be found every  
year, lying especially fine in sum-  
mer, when the weather is hot and dry  
and the bluffs are bare.

The bluff in which the cave is lo-  
cated is between 200 and 400 feet in  
height, it being necessary to climb about  
75 feet up the side of the bluff to reach  
the mouth of the cave. The entrance is  
a fissure about 10 feet in width and be-  
tween 15 and 20 feet in height, from  
which a constant current of cold air  
issues.

Thirty feet from the mouth of the  
cave the passage turns toward the left  
and downward, toward the river bed.  
The slope is very gradual, however, and  
the walls and the roof are within easy  
reach all the while. After you have  
reached a spot 100 feet from the opening  
you entered, it is noticed that the walls  
and roof are covered with frost. Twenty  
feet farther a thin coating of ice is no-  
ticed, which increases in thickness as you  
go into the 'hull.—St. Louis Republic.

**The Sedan Chair.**  
The sedan chair is named after Sedan,  
the town where it was first used. The  
earliest mention of it is in England comes  
in 1531. Early in the following century  
the Duke of Buckingham caused much  
indignation by its use in London. Peo-  
ple were exasperated at that nobleman  
employing his fellow men to take the  
place of horses to carry him. Prince  
Charles brought from Spain in 1623  
three curiously wrought sedans, two of  
which he gave to the Duke of Bucking-  
ham. A few weeks after their introduc-  
tion Massey produced his play, "The  
Bondman," and in it he thus adverts to  
the ladies:

For their pomp and care being borne  
In triumph on men's shoulders.  
The reference is doubtless to Bucking-  
ham's sedan, which was borne like a  
palanquin.—"Bygone England."

**On Time.**  
First Commuter (at the ferry)—Our  
train must have arrived on time this  
morning.  
Second Commuter—Why do you think  
so?  
First Commuter—There is no boat in.

**Royal**  
**Baking**  
**Powder**  
Absolutely  
Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder.  
Highest of all in leavening strength.  
—Latest United States Govern-  
ment Food Report.  
Royal Baking Powder Co.,  
100 Wall St., N. Y.

**She Wore the Shoes to Bed.**  
A New England Girl's Unique Way of  
Stretching Tight Footgear.

When Mr. Simpson returned from Bos-  
ton, he brought a beautiful pair of shoes  
—laced shoes, with neat heels and pretty  
toes—for his daughter Ethel, and a  
unanimous sigh of disappointment swept  
over the Simpson family when it ap-  
peared that these shoes were too small.  
No one was more sincerely grieved about  
it than Ethel's youngest sister, Evelyn,  
who liked pretty shoes as much as Ethel  
did, and who had been wearing a pair that  
could not have been described as any-  
thing but "serviceable, though plain."

Evelyn was filled with conflicting  
emotions when her father said: "Perhaps  
you can wear a No. 8, my dear. If so,  
you may have these."

Evelyn knew that though her sister  
was six years older than herself, yet they  
wore the same sized shoes—No. 4; but  
she did not say so. She set her pretty  
shoes beside her own stout, roomy one.  
The prospect was discouraging.

A little later Ethel came in.  
"Why," she exclaimed in surprise,  
"you can almost get it on! Try it some-  
time when your foot is not warm and  
swollen as it is now, though I suppose  
it would never let you wear them if  
they went on at all hard."

The shoes stood on Evelyn's dressing  
case all day and suggested to her what  
must have been the feelings of Cinde-  
rella's sisters when they tried to cut down  
their feet to fit the magic slipper. That  
evening when she was going to bed she  
tried them again, and they actually went  
on. They squeezed the poor little feet  
as if in a vise, but there they were, on.

About midnight Ethel Simpson was  
awakened by a soft knock on her door,  
and sitting in the hall outside she dis-  
covered her little sister Evelyn.

"Oh, Ethel—don't make a noise—my  
feet!" she gasped.

"Why, you have your shoes and stock-  
ings on, Evelyn. The new shoes! Oh,  
you poor child!" and in a moment the  
elder sister was bending over the suffer-  
er, who had fainted away with smel-  
ling salts and a pair of scissors.

"You see," sobbed Evelyn, reviving  
and watching the cutting of the shoe  
lacing with interest. "I thought if I wore  
them to bed they would be on in the  
morning and I could show them to papa  
and he would let me keep them. I went  
to sleep, and a little while ago I awoke  
up, and I thought I was dying."

"I almost screamed, but I didn't. I  
felt numb all over, and then it seemed as  
if arms and legs and head were turning  
into balloons. When I tried to crawl  
out of bed, I knew what was the matter.  
It was my feet and those awful shoes."  
"I expect every one will laugh at me.  
Why, Ethel, you are crying! Don't. My  
feet don't hurt me any more, and papa  
will say when you tell him about it, 'it  
will be a lesson to her.'"

It was a lesson to her. She never  
wore tight shoes again, but if her feet  
thought so she did not say it when Ethel  
told the story, and no one of the family  
laughed or said a word about it. A day  
or two later a package came from Bos-  
ton for Evelyn, which contained a beau-  
tiful pair of shoes, laced, with neat heels  
and pretty toes and marked "Gours."—  
Youth's Companion.

**The Anthem.**  
The rustic choir's greatest show was  
always made in the anthem, in which  
some bumpkin had generally a solo to  
exhibit his "busty voice." It was a  
splendid musical display of its kind.  
People came from a long distance to